

Library
Longwood College
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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

--

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

LION ON THE LOOSE!



Zoo Curator
Clyde Gordon
finds **EXPERIENCE**
IS THE BEST TEACHER
—in handling "big cats"
...and in choosing
a cigarette, too!



BE CAREFUL!
I'VE LEARNED FROM
EXPERIENCE—LIONS RAISED IN
CAPTIVITY CAN BE MORE DANGEROUS
THAN JUNGLE BORN!



**WITH A
SUDDEN
ROAR...**

SULTANA LEARS THROUGH
THE CAGE DOOR — CRASHES THROUGH THE RUNWAY FENCE!



**EXPERIENCE IS
THE BEST TEACHER***
LONG EXPERIENCE HAS
TAUGHT CLYDE GORDON
NEVER TO SHOW FEAR TO
AN ANIMAL. HE STANDS
HIS GROUND...SPEAKING
SOFTLY, INSISTENTLY...WHILE
DIVERTING HER ATTENTION
WITH BROOM HANDLE.



*TRUE, TOO, IN CHOOSING
A CIGARETTE! WITH SMOKER
AFTER SMOKER WHO TRIED AND
COMPARED—CAMELS ARE THE
"CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE!"



LOOKS LIKE SHE'S
GOING TO OBEY!

B. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



THAT WAS CLOSE, CHIEF,
BUT YOU SURE HANDLED
THINGS RIGHT!...HAVE
A CAMEL!

THANKS...
EXPERIENCE
COMES IN HANDY
—WHETHER YOU'RE
HANDLING ANIMALS OR
CHOOSING A CIGARETTE!
THAT'S WHY I SMOKE CAMELS!

Let your "T-Zone"
tell you why!



**T for Taste...
T for Throat**
...that's your proving
ground for any
cigarette. See, if
Camels don't suit your
"T-Zone" to a "T."

Zoo Curator Clyde Gordon says:

I'VE LEARNED
FROM EXPERIENCE
THAT MILD, FULL-
FLAVORED CAMELS
SUIT ME TO
A 'T'!

Clyde Gordon

General Curator and Director
Staten Island Zoo



According
to a Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE
CAMELS THAN ANY
OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were
asked by three independent
research organizations to name
the cigarette they smoked,
more doctors named Camel
than any other brand!



*—the Choice
of Experience!*

The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

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CONTENTS

STORIES:

WE ARE TWENTY-ONE	JANICE SLAVIN	3
ME AN' THE ELEPHUNT	MARIA JACKSON	5

FEATURES:

JOHN'S LETTER	JOAN PRICHETT	10
MUSIC—STUFFED SHIRT STYLE	PEGGY LLOYD	8
LIFE AT S. T. C.		9
AND SO I LIVE	BEVERLEY SMETHIE	11
SCHOOL DAZE		12
FROM A FRESHMAN		14
PSALM CIV	RUTH EGGLESTON	18

POETRY:

TO YOU RATS	ANNE LANGBEIN	2
LITTLE FOG GHOST	BARBARA ANDREWS	7
IN NOVEMBER	SELECTED	7

REVIEWS:

RUNNING OF THE TIDE	DALILA AGOSTINI	19
DONA BARBARA	DALILA AGOSTINI	19
RACHEL AND THE STRANGER	JANICE SLAVIN	20
ONE TOUCH OF VENUS	JANICE SLAVIN	20
BETWEEN THE COLUMNS	LOVE BENTLEY AND KATIE COBB	16

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TO YOU RATS

'Tis over now, that awful day,
When reigning Sophs held you at bay.
With your noses and hair askew
How you did scrape and bow and stew!
Yet praises rang throughout the halls,
As you Rats stood with backs to walls.
How you shivered, feared and shook
When Sophs gave you that ghastly look!
You counted boards; you, bunched like grapes;
You really formed the strangest shapes.
But glory be, "Tis over now" . . .
And you survived! We know not how.
Good sports you were; you showed your stuff...
You did not even say, "Enough!"
The time will come when you will be
The reigning Sophs of S. T. C.

THE EDITOR

We Are Twenty-One

JANICE SLAVIN, '50

FOR twenty-one long years, we had waited for our privilege of voting in the 1948 presidential election. But at the time of the election, the political issues had so hopelessly confused our minds, we didn't know what to do. There were four principal parties! And of course, there were *four* principal candidates: one a Democrat, one a Dixiecrat, one a Republican, and one a so-called Progressive. Had such *rs* that ever happened before in the history of these United States? Of course, it had not! It looked as if Fate had framed us twenty-one-year-olds!

Last summer, we read and read, and we listened and listened to the radio speakers. And when the time came for the nominating conventions in Philadelphia, we stuck by the radio rapt. We just had to have our minds clarified. In normal times we would have needed to understand the platforms of only two major candidates. But now that was only 50% of what twenty-one-year-olds needed to know. We talked Dewey; we talked Wallace; we talked Truman and Thurmond; and we talked Civil Rights, High Tariffs and States' Rights. But the more we talked, the greater our confusion became.

We went to our professors, to our parents and friends, and to our ministers for their points of view; we even went to political rallies. And we read more and more. But even with all that our confusion increased.

By this time, we weren't even sure to which party we should pledge our allegiance. Of course, the regular Democratic party was ours by inheritance—a sort of birthright. But after all, didn't we Southerners treasure above all things States' Rights? Maybe we should be Dixiecrats, not just Democrats. Or maybe, we should

vote Republican. Dewey had what it took to clean up New York. That meant something to us. It means that possibly Dewey really was an able leader. But when Taft came out with the statement that the Republican campaign should be waged on the conflict between governmental philosophies, that meant nothing to us. Governmental Philosophies! Even the term was bewildering to us twenty-one-year olds. (Perhaps at twenty-one, we were too young and uninformed to catch on.)

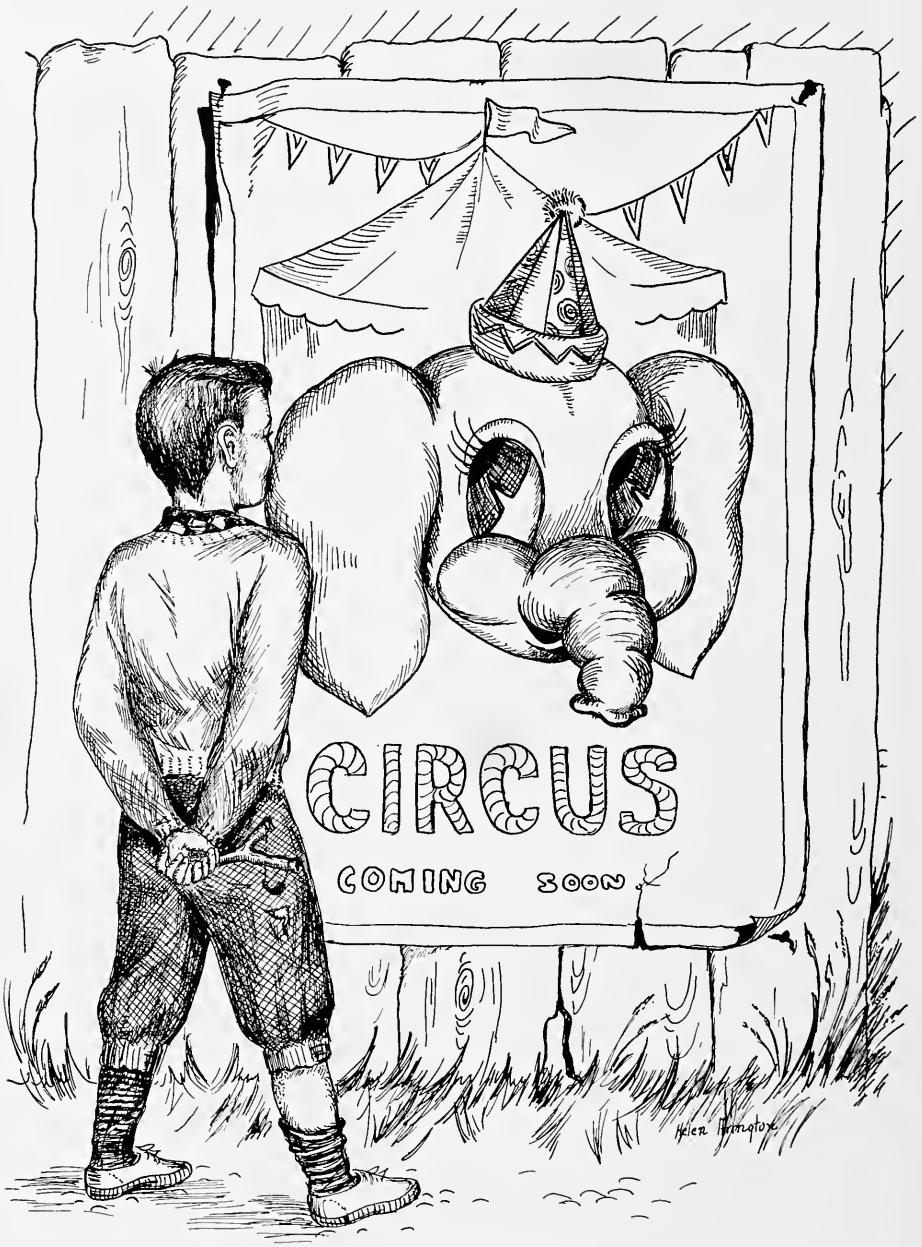
At last we, the twenty-one-year olds, here at S. T. C., began to wonder for whom the Shmoos would vote. Would these saint-like little Shmoos stick together and not split the Solid South? Or would they turn Dixiecrats? Or would they vote the straight Republican ticket? Maybe, we had lost out by not taking a stiff course in Shmoo-ology.

We did read (in the comics) that a representative had been sent from Washington to Dogpatch to dig up some information about the candidates. Unfortunately, however, he hadn't returned by November 2. Perhaps, Hairless Joe and Lonesome Pole Cat gave him too much of their home-brewed Kickapoo Joy Juice!

But after all, we twenty-one-year olds were not the only "unsophisticates" who were puzzled. One day in October when two of us were walking down Main Street in Farmville, we passed two weather-beaten old farmers who had propped themselves against one of the town's big trash cans. They, too, were discussing the coming election. In between chews on his wad of tobacco, one of them drawled, "Wal, now as fer as I kin see, thar's jes one man runnin', and that's that thar man Truman!"

"Truman, hell!," boomed the second farmer. "And as far as Henry Wallace,

(Continued on page 21)



"I wanted to see that Elephunt!"

ME AN' THE ELEPHUNT

MARIA JACKSON, '52

First Prize Winner Short Story Contest

I T wuz seventy-five years ago this very afternoon. I wuz lyin' right here propped up against the maple tree 'bout half asleep an' feelin' kind of cool an' dirty. O' course, that tree wuzn't near so big as it is now, but it sure made a good prop for a tired little feller who'd spent the best part of his ten years whoopin' it up for his poor Ma. Well, anyway, I wuz lyin' right here all scrooched up behind the maple to keep from takin' a bath. Tildy was on the back porch hollerin' in her organ-grinder voice, "Ebbie! Ebbie! Ebenezer Jerome Prichett!" yur maw wants youunn!" when all of a sudden, I saw it for the first time. Right smack across the street from our house in the baseball field, they had put a new sign, an' even from where I was, I could tell it wuzn't no "C. C. C. sign for chest colds", neither. There wuz a great big pink thing in the middle with red hair, an' right along side of the pink thing was somethin' that looked like a cage, an' way down in the corner wuz a — wuz a —. Well, I just had to find out if it wuz, so I kept in the shadder of the maple till I had sneaked all the way down to the front hedge, an' then I just crawled through. Well, I guess ole Tildy was still grindin' out "Ebenezer Jerome Prichett" as loud as ever, but I didn't hear a thing, not a blessed thing. Right underneath last years' fat lady an' last year's lion on the new circus poster wuz a real, sure enough, honest-to-goodness ELEPHUNT!! An' it wuz wearing a hat over one eye.

Ma didn't have no use a-tall for circuses, an' I knew, though I hadn't ever asked her, that she wouldn't have any use a-tall for ELEPHUNTS, even if they did wear a hat. Ma had a lot of use for *boys* that wore

hats. I always lost mine myself, but then I'd never had a hat like that ELEPHUNT had on.

It didn't look nothin' like the white bowlers that Ma liked an' that ole George Fisher wore. It wuz red with a green bill on the front, to keep the sun out most likely, an' it had a purple feather stuck on the side. I sure wanted to see the purple chicken that feather came out of, but more than that I WANTED TO SEE THAT ELEPHUNT!! I just had to see him. An' that meant I had to sugar up Ma.

I knew pretty well that she'd be terrible mad if I didn't come in for that bath; so I crawled along the hedge until I wuz out of sight of the house, an' then I cut loose around the block. Tildie was still wheezin' away on the back porch when I came chargin' up an' she hollered somethin' at me 'bout takin' a bath. I slammed the back screen door, like I always did, an' snitched three cookies off the kitchen table before I rememberd th ELEPHUNT an' his red hat. So I put two cookies back an' went lickety-split up the back stairs to the bath room. Ma wuz right outdone, but she worked off steam on my elbows. An' I told her how nice she looked, an' how I wuz goin' to give away Hermes because she didn't like him goin' in her room. I loved Hermes better'n any lizard I'd ever had; so I wuz awful sorry to have to give him away. But all the time I could see the circus poster in my head, an' it gave me shivers even thinkin' about it.

After I wuz so clean I itched, an' had put on the white shirt Ma used to make me wear for supper, Ma an' me went down to the lawn an' sat down on the hammock to wait for Pa to come home. But before he

got there, I showed her the circus poster. She sorta closed up like. I knew she would, but I knew how to fix that. I sat an' looked an' looked at the sign with my face screwed up kinda sad, not poutin', becuz Ma didn't like poutin'—just lookin' sad. After awhile Ma said she supposed I'd want to go with those dowdy Jensen twins. I didn't say nothin' a-tall. Then Ma said she supposed I'd get sick as a houn' dog. I didn't say nothin' a-tall. So, all of a sudden Ma looked at me sittin' there nice an' clean an' said kind of sad like, "I suppose you'll have all the dirt in the circus on your face *tomorrow* night." I couldn't sit still then; so I hugged Ma awful tight an' went in to shake my tin can that I used for a bank.

After supper I put Hermes in a shoe box with a piece of lettuce an' took him over to Georgie Fisher's house. Hermes usually slept in the bottom bureau drawer by my bed, but it wuzn't *so* lonesome not to see his little ole green eyes shinin' in the dark after I got in bed. I kept seein' the ELEPHUNT'S eyes twinkling off the poster, an' when I went to sleep, the ELEPHUNT was tippin' his red hat to the fat lady with the red hair, an' they wuz dancin' around an' around.

The next mornin' I woke up so early I could hear Tippie throwin' his papers on every porch on our street. I put on my everyday knickers an' slid down the banister so as not to wake Ma. In the kitchen I put a lot of peanut-butter crackers in my pocket along with the quarter in nickles an' pennies that had come out of gutters and gone into the tin can. Then I scooted across every back lot in town so as to get to Cal-ler's field before the circus got a-wake.

The tents wuz still all shut an' cold lookin' when I puffed in. It wuz so early that hardly any birds wuz singing, an' the ground wuz cool on my feet. It was like everything wuz waitin' for something else to start things. I tiptoed by the wooden platform where the fat lady would stand, and peeked through a crack into the tent where the lion's cage wuz, to see if he wuz still asleep. He wuz. But I had seen the lion an' the fat lady an' gone on the merry-go-round about a hundred times before. I had never seen a ELEPHUNT; so I wuz

bound to get the best place in the circus to see him. All I had to do wuz crawl under the tent where he wuz an' hide somewhere close up to him, an' I could look at him all day. I wuz thinkin' 'bout his trunk as I tiptoed around the corner of the lion's tent on my way to the biggest tent of all where I knew he had to be. They said he used that trunk for arms, an' for a mouth, an' for near 'bout everything. They said he wuz as big as a horse. They said—Just then I stepped around the corner of the lion tent an' ran smack into a grey muddy post.

I don't know why, but I wuz all of a sudden shakin' like crazy, an' I couldn't move to save my life; so I just looked up. There he was!! He was bigger'n a horse, bigger'n the maple tree; he wuz near as big as our house, and I wuzn't just lookin' at him, I wuz standin' on his foot! I looked at him, an' he looked at me, an' he knew I didn't want to hurt him an' that I wuz just tryin' to remember him an' me standin' there like that forever'n ever. We stood there, me 'an the ELEPHUNT, an' looked at each other for a long time. It seemed like fifteen years. That ELEPHUNT couldn't a moved his foot just a little bit, an' I would'a disappeared into the ground, but he didn't. He blinked at me out of his teeny blue eyes that Ma would'a said had a wicked look about 'em, an' it seemed like he wuz thinkin' about all the other boys like me who had looked at him for the first time, too. Then, before I could move, his big trunk curled around my waist, an' I was rockin' back an' forth through the air like a merry-go-round only sideways, goin' higher and higher an' not a speck afraid. I wuz so high I could see over the tops of all the circus-stands an' down over the ELEPHUNT'S slippery-looking back. I could look down on the little red hat held on by elastic under one palm-leaf ear with that purple feather wavin' an' wavin'. A hundred birds wuz singin'; an' it seemed just like my world—mine an' the ELEPHUNT'S, until all of a sudden I felt the hot grass under my feet, an' the world stopped swingin', he wuz gone. The ELEPHUNT had gone, but lyin' right at my feet wuz somethin' red with a green bill. A lit-

(Continued on page 21)

Little Fog Ghost

What is that tip toeing stealthily by?

Moving so quickly it seems to fly . . .

Catch glimpse of it here—'tween shadow and light

Little fog ghost is lost in the night.

Creeping and seeping and oozing around

Making not even a wisp of sound,

Chilling as icicles, white as a cloud,

Quicker than thought and solemn as shroud,

Here again, there again, gone from it all,

Underneath roots, yet over trees tall,

Now by himself, and now joining a crowd,

Little fog ghost has found his home cloud.

BARBARA ANDREWS, '50

In November

Soft, sweet, and sad in its pathetic glory,

The pale November sunshine floods the earth,

Like a bright ending to a mournful story,

Or, in a minor tune, a chord of mirth.

Before the wet west wind forever drifting,

The falling leaves fly o'er the garden walks;

The wet west wind the bare, gaunt branches lifting,

And bowing to black mold the withered stalks.

The blackbird whistles to the lingering thrushes,

The wren chirps welcome to the hardy tit,

While the brave robin, 'neath the holly-brushes,

Sees what of berried store still gleams for it.

And the heart, sad for vanished hopes, in turning

Back to lost summers from the winter's chill

Sees the rich promise through the weary yearning,

That heaven and spring will each our trust fulfill.

SUSAN KELLY PHILLIPS

"Thanksgiving" Edited by Robert Schauffler

Music--Stuffed Shirt Style

PEGGY LLOYD, '50

IN old Vienna, orchestras and musicians filled all the parks and music centers with the popular music of their time. Now we drop a nickel in the juke box and listen to the popular music of our time. The themes of both types of music are basically the same, though expressed in a different manner. Almost every time we hear a boogy beat, we are listening to a base derived from Bach, and the popular love songs, "Starry Night" and "Moon Love" have their roots in Tschaikovsky's work. Seeing you are a reasonably intelligent person, perhaps you've sometimes wondered why you haven't listened to and enjoyed Beethoven's or Wagner's music as much as Irving Berlin's. There are many Berlin songs that you never tire of hearing because of their catching melodies, rhythm, and harmony; moreover, if a new one is written, you want to hear it because you like his others so much. This would be true of Beethoven, too, if you listened to his music as much. Words cannot be found to describe the famous Fifth Symphony, and if you delve into other works of his, you'll find each as lovely as the other, for each has haunting melodies that never leave you.

Symphonic music is not as frightening as it sounds. You may hesitate to listen to it because it sounds rather "stuffed shirt". But is it "stuffed shirt"? To start with, a conductor may be termed distinguished. But that does not mean that he is apart and up on a cold marble pedestal. What it means is that he has won distinction by being a good conductor. Beethoven's music has been described as powerful, emotional, and soul expressive. And it is! But that does not put it on a level above our heads. Many things are powerful, emotional, and soul expressive. It is these qualities as well as others that make his music so enjoyable and so much to be admired.

Suppose a program includes the "Konzertstück" in F minor by Carl Maria von Weber, and the "Dance" from "La Vida Breve", Manuel de Falla's opera. At first

they may sound difficult, but they can be understood. "Konzertstück" simply means "Concert Piece", and "La Vida Breve" means "The Short Life". Such music is warm, friendly, and emotional. Too often art suffers from a "stuffed shirt" that scares rather than invites people. Perhaps it's the announcer who confuses you if you're listening to the radio. What you hear is a smooth impersonal voice announcing something like this: "Today we are to hear the orchestra under the distinguished conductor Eugene Ormandy. The program includes . . ." And here he uses words he has practiced, such as "sforzando, and Schdanda, der Dudelsackpfeiffer." Obviously he has been advertising hair tonic and tooth powder all day, and this is his chance to prove that he can do better things. Maybe he can even win a diction prize. He never stumbles. "One Latin word, one Greek remark, and one that's French" . . . to quote Mr. Gilbert never stumps the announcer. Yet there is nothing easy going, casual, or human in his delivery. It leaves the listener awed, flabbergasted, or overwhelmed after his announcement. Why does he not say simply that what follows is music that is really a master piece—clear, effective, perfect? Why does he not announce music as such in simple terms that would help people to understand it? He wrongly assumes many times that the audience is familiar with all the musical facts. A word or two of introduction to a piece would take some of the stiffness out.

Even with these things cleared up, you may still say that you don't quite understand the music and its message. Don't try to, if you can't—just listen to the melody, the harmony, and the different instruments picking up the theme. Beethoven once said, "He who truly understands my music must thereby go free of all the misery which others bear about with them". Beethoven, too, wanted people to enjoy music even if they did not know its technique.

LIFE AT S. T. C.



THE BURIAL OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR

ONE of the saddest occurrences of Junior Building was the death of Nebuchadnezzar, the pet goldfish of third floor. On the day of this tragic event, tears flooded the dorm. Funeral services had to be arranged. Everyone was so upset that it was difficult to make preparations. A military funeral was decided upon, since the beloved Nebuchadnezzar had been in the services of the students for several months.

The funeral procession formed at one o'clock and wended its way to the burial grounds of Junior Building. It was a beautiful day for such a sad occasion. Many mourners watched from the windows. The "funeral march" was rendered on an accom-

Continued on page 21

RATS OF '52

FIVE A. M. on October 12 found me trudging through the shadowy auditorium to my first date with Miss Haze. Her very name implied hard times ahead, and every minute I expected a dozen or more sophomores to pounce on me, and drag me blindfolded back to their private lairs, where they would force me to eat raw eggs and turtle eyes.

Nothing like that happened, because the long dreaded sophomores were all asleep. And Miss Hazel was no exception! She looked as happy as a pig in a mud ditch, but I'm afraid I had no qualms whatsoever about waking her, because I had already been up for two and one-half hours. When

Continued on page 22



John's Letter

JOAN PRICHETT, '52

THE icy chill hung on the evening air as Miss Rhodes hastily made her way to the post office on lower Third Street. The click clack, click clack of her steady, undeviating stride shattered the quiescence of the deserted street. Constantly, ever constantly, her gait continued.

There was little need to hurry, she knew; but somehow the brisk, penetrating winter air together with the tingling sensation of hoping that in her small post office box lay a letter from John drove her onward with tense expectation. Always at this hour, winter and summer, Miss Rhodes made this same short journey to the post office for mail from John. It made no difference how long she continued this identical and habitual routine, her exuberance never ceased. John's letter would be so beautiful.

John was a first lieutenant in the army. Miss Rhodes had met him several years ago at a dinner party, three days before he had sailed for Europe to join his regiment. In the three brief ensuing days Miss Rhodes and the lieutenant had found divine contentment in each other. Indeed, they had fallen quite in love.

He had left that morning in early November. Just before his train roared and puffed away, he had taken a small gold engagement ring from his pocket and had slipped it shyly on her finger. "Wait for me, dearest. I'll write every night," he had said as the train thundered and chugged away, leaving the solitary figure of Miss Rhodes on the deserted platform.

The post office loomed tall and drab ahead of Miss Rhodes. She reached the steps and ascended them with an anxious pace. Through the brass rimmed doors she walked, into the stuffy, tobacco-laden air of the warm building. Around the corner, down a few yards, then she was in front of

the familiar box.

John had probably written a beautiful letter this time. She hurriedly slipped her glove from her trembling hand. Two turns to the left, one to the right, and with a faint click the door slowly opened. She sucked in her breath and cautiously peered in. No letter. The small opening revealed a dark and dusty box, but no letter.

Miss Rhodes closed the box quietly, turned, and walked out of the building, down the flight of foot-worn steps. She walked slowly now, with an almost reverent air, up the vacant street.

John really should have sent a letter today. Today was a special day, and he shouldn't have forgotten. Today was an anniversary of their engagement. Yes, thirty years ago today, John had slipped that beautiful little ring on her finger and then had vanished in a haze of train smoke and steam. Of course, John would surely write to her tomorrow. She could forgive him this once. How very busy he must be these days! Yes, she would have to forgive him this time.

The icy chill hung on the evening air as Miss Rhodes lingeringly made her way back to her rooming house quarters. She walked over the same sidewalk, over the same cracks and breaks in the cement that she had walked over for the past thirty years. Always an identical pattern she made in her nightly walk for John's letter. For almost thirty years now, people had been setting their watches by her regular schedule. After thirty years to the day, Miss Rhodes still held a firm conviction that the next night she would certainly draw from her mail box a letter from John, even though John had been reported killed in the service of his country some twenty-nine years ago.

And So I Live

"OH, how very lucky you are," some poor woman with six children, a fuming husband and three weeks of washing ahead of her, said to me the other day, as she admired my new green skirt—the new look of course—"Yes, how lucky you are to be able to go to college and wear pretty clothes, and have new hair-dos."

Little does she know that I live in dunnagees half the time and the rest of the time in skirts that drag the floor, and are so tight that I usually have "convulsions" of the spine when I try to sit down! And new hair-dos! Since I've whacked my hair off to try to acquire the new look, there is only one way that I can possibly arrange it. That is the way it is cut—looking like the rear view of a duck's tail! That dear sweet housewife with the six children and the unintelligent looking husband doesn't realize how lucky she really is. Sometimes I wish I were stuck at home with a dozen kids and didn't have to worry about a thing except which one of the dozen would have the measles next.

And then the sales-lady in the store, who said to me while I was buying a new dress before I returned to college as a Junior, "Oh, you're going to college? How nice! I know you will just have loads of fun at college; this lovely little red frock will be just the thing to go with that wonderful suntan."

What does she think I do? . . . Keep a suntan all year at school? I guess she doesn't know that the only sun I get is that which fights its way through a barrage of ivy. No doubt she thinks that in each room there is an ultra modern sunlamp! She should see my room—it contains one socket from which is connected a radio,

three lamps, and the electric clock. I suppose that saleslady does get tired of selling dresses all day in that harassing, hurried store, but suppose she had to attend harassing, hurried classes all day and try to sell the professors the idea that you really do know a little about what is going on, even if you do look stupid most of the time. I don't imagine she would make any sales.

But the thing that takes the cake is this: as I was packing my suitcase and very carefully folding my freshly ironed blouses, who should walk into the room but Mother.

"Now, darling," she said, "be sure to hang everything up as soon as you get to school, so that your clothes will always look neat, and not as if they had just come through the wringer and never quite got to the ironing board."

Oh, sweet, little mother . . . if you only knew! Of course, I do have a closet . . . all to myself, too, but besides shoes, hats, coats, dresses, skirts, and blouses, I also have to keep in it tennis rackets, extra blankets, sheets, towels, and a few million books, which are forever falling off the high shelves. Naturally, I can't look like a lady from Vogue, when I put on a dress that has been squeezed between a tennis racket and a five pound volume of English Literature.

I have no doubt in my mind the reader will think me sarcastic and cynical. Now, don't get me wrong. I like college, there is no place like it on earth . . . thank goodness! But, in two more years I shall be forced out into the cruel old world to make a living for myself. Then I shall probably ache for my overstuffed closet and my mix-up light fixture.

SCHOOL

We'd like to introduce today :
She is the Class of '52: Fresh



I.

Bag and baggage here is Sue
The problem now is what to do—
The sign says go *Matriculate*
But, "She's not hungry—she just ate!"



II.

A few days pass and now we see
Her schedule has her up a tree:
Five straight classes every day—
Ah, Eager Beaver, you must pay!

Verses b
Sketches b

L DAZE

little girl who's here to stay.
n, she is really you.

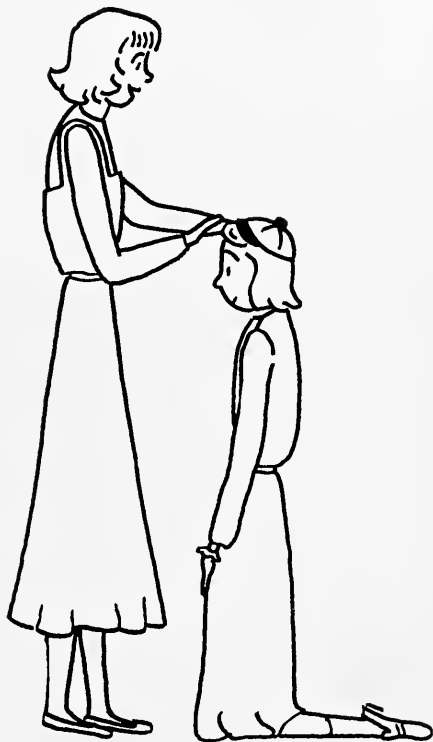


IV.

And then to show her college part —
That S. T. C. now owns her heart—
A Rat Cap crowns our Susie's dome.
It makes her feel so much at home.

III.

Alas, alack, or eek a freak!
With nose and ear a verdant streak.
Our Freshman friend signs off in S's,
Bows and scrapes and wears 51 tresses.



From a Freshman

Dearest Mom and Dad,

September 20

I finally arrived at S. T. C. around five o'clock. After locating my room, which is on third floor Main, I began unpacking.

My roommate is darling—"Chick" Bailey from Lynchburg. She is rather tall, with blonde hair and blue eyes. She has three brothers, all of whom are older than she!

While waiting for Chick to arrive, I tried to meet some of the girls on the hall; they seem nice.

When Chick finally arrived at ten thirty P. M., I was ready to go home . . . I was so lonely. But time passed quickly as she and I became acquainted. We talked about everything. Oh, yes! She knows loads of people that I know. Soon Mrs. McCoy, the night matron, knocked on our door and told us, "Lights out." We realized then that we were very tired and sleepy, and so we crawled into bed. Sleeping soundly, we passed our first night at S. T. C.

Love,

Jan

x x x x

Dear Mom and Daddy,

September 27

I wish you could see our room now. We have our curtains up and have made our "little home" as comfortable as possible. I've gotten into the habit of staying in it all the time. Somehow I hate to mix with the other girls. They seem so alien or something, not at all like my friends at home.

I miss you dreadfully and have thought several times of giving up college and coming home. The atmosphere of S. T. C. is not at all as congenial as I had imagined it would be. I suppose you could sum up my feelings in one word . . . homesickness!

Please write to me immediately. I feel the need of your moral support.

Your loving daughter

x x x x

Dear Folks,

October 5

College is just wonderful. I couldn't begin to tell you all the perfectly perfect aspects about it. The girls are friendly and entertaining; the professors are understanding, and the spirit of S. T. C. is unsurpassable. I have been very busy rushing from one thing to another, but I have had time to appreciate college and its advantages. The other night "Bobbie" had a big party in her room. We ate and ate, talked and talked. Then we turned out the lights and began to tell ghost stories. Connie, who was telling a killer-diller yelled, "Look! There at the door". We screamed and then guess what? Mrs. McCoy opened the door . . . Were we surprised!! She lectured to us, but not one call down did she give.

Please send me an old clown costume as I'll need it for the *Circus*, a production put on each year, in which each class takes part. We've been practicing every night at ten, and have been having a perfectly grand time.

Three girls just came in to chew the rag; so I'll close now.

Love,

Your gal

FROM A FRESHMAN

Hello again,

October 13

Oh! I'm about dead! I'm awfully glad that awful "Rat Day" is over. The Sophomores just about killed us. We crawled out of bed at the early hour of four, and began the tedious task of tying our hair in fifty-one pieces. It seemed like a thousand. In an hour we finished. As we tugged on blue jeans and pinned skirts on up-side down, I moved in horror. It would soon be six o'clock A. M., and the blessed sophs were waiting.

Chick and I proceeded to dab green on our noses and ears, tie bands over our eyebrows, on which was painted "praise '51". Just as we slipped our name signs over our heads and crammed our feet into pumps, the clock hands evilly pointed to Six! Oh, horrors. It had begun. From six 'til six, we hit the floor, praised '51, and did some of the most incredible things you ever heard of. Well, it's over now, and I have met quite a few upper classmen.

Your very tired baby

x x x x

Hi folks,

October 23

What a glorious week end!! Eddie came up for the *Circus* and saw me a funny clown. Can't make much time that way! *Circus* was a huge success and the classes really showed their talent.

Eddie has asked me to come to Randolph-Macon next week end for their big football game. Please send me my permission right away. Oh, Mom, Eddie's such a dream!

Friday, I met Chick's brother, Bill, who is twenty-one. He has asked me to come to V. P. I. for their dances on the twentieth of November. Do let me go.

Gosh, Mom, I'm so glad I'm at college. The girls are so nice . . . so different from those at home. I feel like I'm at last growing up. Do you think so?

As always your "big" girl

x x x x

Hello again,

November 1

Boy, what a week! Tests, tests, and more tests. And the questions those professors can't ask! Have only heard from one, my history . . . a C plus. Oh, well, just as long as I keep passing. I've decided that it's really harder to make grades here than in high school. Those A's then seem like pleasant dreams of the past.

As I have a big chemistry test tomorrow, I had better just say "goodnight" and start studying.

Love me?

Jan

P. S.—Thanks for both permissions and I'll be dignified lady, when I go to VPI, I promise.

x x x x

Mom and Dad,

November 12

Please send me some money immediately. I'm broke. You know how it is!

Tests are over, and I passed them all. Heard from Eddie again, asking me up on the twentieth. What am I going to tell him? I don't want him to know that I'm dating Bill that week end. Gee, why do I get onto these messes?

Chick is out playing tennis. She's a real athlete.

Must run and mail this. About \$12.00 will do it.

Just me in need,

Jan

Between th

LOVE BENT

The tragedy of being a flea is that you know your children are going to the dogs

x x x x

It's hard to explain why girls who are scared of a mouse will go riding with a wolf.

x x x x

Bill, our good friend from H.-S. C., was driving down Main Street looking for a likely pick-up. Spying a girl on the corner, he stopped the car and told her that he would gladly take her home. Without a word she climbed into the car, and sat down on the front seat. Bill coming to a stoplight said, "Is that light red or green? I'm slightly color blind."

"Yes, suh, yo shore is, mistah," she replied.

x x x x

A farmer whose clock had run down was sending his boy to town to get the correct time:

"But, Pa, I can't bring the correct time. I have no watch."

"What do you want a watch for? If you can't remember, write it down on a piece of paper."

x x x x

I'm wearing my eyelids at half-mast in memory of my lost sleep.

Little Boy: "Mama, what was the name of the last station the train stopped at?"

Mother: "Don't bother me. I don't know. Don't you see I'm reading? Why do you ask?"

Little Boy: "Because little brudder got off there."

x x x x

An Irish priest offered sixpence to the boys who could tell him who was the greatest man in history.

"Columbus," answered one boy.

"George Washington," answered another.

"St. Patrick" shouted a bright little fellow.

The priest turned to him and said, "The sixpence is yours; but why did you say St. Patrick?"

"Right down in my heart I knew it was Moses, but business is business."

x x x x

"Tell me, sir, who is the real boss at your home?"

"Well, my wife bosses the children, and the children boss the dog and cat, but I can say anything I want to the sweet peas."

x x x x

Mo: "I've been driving a car for five years and never had a wreck."

Shmo: "I've been driving a wreck for five years and never had a car."

olumns

BB

She (awkward dancer): "This dance floor is certainly slippery."

He: "It isn't the dance floor. I had my shoes shined."

x x x x

"I wish you boys wouldn't call me Big Bill."

"Why?"

"These college names stick and I'm studying to be a doctor!"

x x x x

He: "I'm burning with love for you."

She: "Oh, stop making a fuel of yourself."

x x x x

Have you heard the hare raising story of two rabbits?

x x x x

Miss Wheeler: "For this job, I want a responsible girl."

Freshman: "That's me, everything that has gone wrong since I've been here, I've been responsible for it."

x x x x

Barbara: "Don't you know what happens to little girls who tell fibs?"

Emily: "No, what?"

Barbara: "They don't go to heaven."

Emily: "Where do they go? S. T. C.?"

There was a man on the Pullman who could tell people's occupations by their looks. One was a lawyer, one a doctor; then he pointed to a tired, insignificant little man huddled in one corner of a seat and said, "He's a teacher."

The little man jerked up and said, "Oh, no, not that! I've been sick."

x x x x

"Say Galloway, I'm in an awful jam, and need \$5.00 right away. I haven't the least idea where I can get it."

"Glad to hear it. I was afraid for a minute that you might have the idea you could get it from me."

x x x x

Miss Waters: "What's the shape of the earth, Nancy?"

Nancy: Round."

Miss Waters: "And how do you know it's round?"

Nancy (shifting uneasily in her seat): "Oh, Miss Waters, excuse me, please, I wasn't thinking. It's square, of course."

x x x x

"See this stick-pin? Well, it once belonged to a millionaire."

"And who is the millionaire?"

"Woolworth."

x x x x

Wife: "Here comes company and we're not through dinner."

Scotchman: "Quick, grab a toothpick."

PSALM CIV

RUTH EGGLESTON, '49

"Miss Betty! Miss Betty!"

"What is it, Lillie Bell?"

"Psalm CIV (pronounced Sam Civ but spelled just as his mother found it in the Bible, Psalm CIV) 'he 'bout to fling a fit."

"I'll be right down."

As she started out of the house, she looked up, and there was the new moon. Yes, she thought, Psalm CIV always flings a fit when a new moon comes up.

Having arrived too late to be of any help with his phenobarbital tablets, Miss Betty returned to "The House", and left Psalm CIV to his colored friends. For a short time he lay writhing and foaming at the mouth. When he did recover, he declared Ruby Pearl had tricked him and that ground glass was oozing out of his chest. Nobody could convince him that it was not. Several of his colored friends examined his chest, and they too, declared glass was oozing out of it. Finally Psalm CIV went to the District Attorney and offered to pay him to put the law on Ruby Pearl and make her break the spell she had put on him. He had already tried the big conjure doctors, but they had not been able to break the spell.

By sneaking up and sprinkling ashes around his door, Ruby Pearl could put him under her spell whenever she pleased. But he was able to fortify himself against the witches by painting the frames of the doors and windows of his house a bright blue.

One day his friend, Lizzie, brought him some anti-trick medicine she had concocted out of bitter herbs, yellow honey, and snails she'd gathered underneath the lavender and rosemary bushes. But Psalm CIV took just one dose. Even Lizzie couldn't persuade him to take a second one.

"Dat stuff ain't no fittin' fit cure," he would say. "I know what it takes, but I

cayn't find it. Miss Nancy, she kin fin' it, en 'twarn't be long before she be a-coming home from college and a-comin'g down heah to fin' out 'bout ole Psalm CIV."

And sure enough, one day during the Thanksgiving holidays, Nancy picked up a couple of apples and walked down to Psalm CIV's house to see how he was getting on. As soon as Psalm CIV saw her, his face lighted up.

"Jes' what I needs. An apple a day to keep the doctor away."

After munching on one of the apples for a few moments, Psalm CIV looked up. "Miss Nancy, you'se different," he said. "You don't bring no advice, you jes' bring de remedy—dese apples."

"En Miss Nancy, is your boy friends gettin' a kinda bald-headed? Efen he is, jes' rub his baldness wit a little bear grease. Dat'll stop baldness ebery time."

"But, Miss Nancy, I warns you concernin' one thing 'bout yo'self: Don't you never sleep in de moonlight, 'cause if you do, you'll go loony—clean, plumb, spank, loony—I tells yo'."

"En, Miss Nancy, I tells you a little secret. I eats fish very of'n 'cause dey's good brain food; you'll have to eat a lot of fish, too, so you ken make dem high grades at dat college of yourn."

At this Psalm CIV chuckled in his self-satisfied way and kept on. Really Miss Nancy, couldn't get a chance to put in a word; Psalm CIV was too busy giving remedies for this and that. After all, she was getting a big kick out of it.

"Efen you want good luck, Miss Nancy", he continued, "jes carry a buckeye wid you, and good luck is bound to come your way. And sho' nuff, Miss Nancy, some moonlight night, I gonna ketch you a graveyard

(Continued on page 20)



Have You Read These?

DALILA AGOSTINI, '49

THE RUNNING OF THE TIDE

THE setting of "The Running of The Tide" is Salem, Massachusetts, at the time when it was the wealthiest port in the world, because of its flourishing trade with Russia, the West Indies, India, and China. In this novel we find the story of the four sons of the Inman family. Three of them were sea captains. The eldest was a veteran who had commanded a ship at nineteen.

The warfare between England and France had made the American shipping conditions very difficult. The Inmans lost three of their best ships—one of them, commanded by Dash, was carrying a \$100,000 cargo. After this fateful event, the three captains put all their efforts into making up these losses.

The Salem described in this novel is a wealthy and magnificent one, a Salem full of activity. This picture of Salem is seen through the eyes of Peter, the youngest Inman brother who is too fragile for the sea, and whose interests are more intellectual than anything else.

The novel contains another plot, that of the two old Salem families, the Inmans and the Mompessons, and their fateful fascinations. Dash is in love with Polly Mompesson who is the victim of a father-daughter relationship. She is like a puppet in her father's hands, and yet she is helpless in Dash's arms.

The novel is full of intrigue as well as faithful and colorful descriptions of the old Salem. It will keep the reader interested throughout.

*"The Running of the Tide"—by Esther Forbes, Hampton Mifflin, N. Y., 1948.

DONA BARBARA*

DONA BARBARA has been proclaimed the best South American novel of all times. Its strength lies in the portrayal of its natural setting, and in the portrayal of the violence of the human passions. The author pictures the Venezuelan prairie with all its beauty and charm. There is a struggle between civilization and barbarism, which is the theme throughout the novel. The name, Dona Barbara, means barbarism. She was a beautiful woman, who had been wronged by a gang of smugglers. Her bitter experience with them turns her into a woman with no respect for morality. So low has she sunk that she is ready to "destroy" the chastity and honor of all men. She acquires wealth through dishonest dealings; she continues to bend men to her will until Santos Luzardo, the man from the city with the blood of a plainsman, invades her surroundings.

Santos defies Dona Barbara's authority, and for the first time she knows the meaning of respect towards a man. There is a second plot in which Dona Barbara's illegitimate child is involved. Both mother and daughter fall in love with the same man. But, at the end of the novel, innocence and purity win over low passions.

Dona Barbara is worth reading for its dramatic happenings and for the picture the author gives of the Venezuelan plains.

*Dona Barbara — by Romulo Gallegos, translated by Robert Malloy, J. Cape and H. Smith (1931), N. Y.

Movie Reviews

JANICE SLAVIN, '50

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER—

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER, an RKO Radio production, is a charming romance of the frontier during the time of stockaded villages and Indian attacks. The life of simple pleasure and accustomed sorrow that were the daily companions of the pioneer are described in this simple, leisurely tale set on a small farm in the Northwest Territory which was to become Ohio.

Marriage in those days was as much a matter of necessity as a romance. After Big Davey (William Holden) lost his wife, he and Davey (Gary Gray), his son, were alone on the farm. Since there were chores to be done and a boy to be cared for, Big Davey was determined to get a new wife. There is gentle humor as he goes to town, buys, and marries a bond-woman, Rachel (Loretta Young). The movie traces with delicate grace the awkward months on the farm when both father and son treat the girl as a simple servant until Jim Fairways (Robert Mitchum), the "woods" hunter, wakes them to her true worth.

In its pastoral and quiet way this screen play by Waldo Salt, from a story by Howard Fast, contains many bits of wry humor. Mitchum, Loretta Young, Holden, and Gary Gray do splendid acting. Mitchum, as the hunter with a captivating frog in his gullet sings "Tall, Dark Stranger," "Just Like Me," "Foolish Pride", and several other gay folk songs to the accompaniment of a guitar.

Rachel and the Stranger furnishes a grand evening of entertainment.

Janice Slavin, '50

Life is one fool thing after another;
Love is two fool things after each other.

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS is an Universal-International production starring Robert Walker and Ava Gardner. Love is the theme of this piquant comedy with musical trimmings. It is not the usual boy-meets-girl affair, however, for the little lady happens to be Venus, Goddess of Love. Since Bob is just an ordinary mortal, he couldn't possibly escape the clutches of such a captivating creature.

The trouble starts when Bob sets the stage for the unveiling of the statue which his department store boss, Tom Conway, has purchased. On an impulse, Bob kisses Venus—lo and behold!—she hops off her pedestal, behaving not like a goddess, but a down-to-earth human being. Far from being enchanted, Bob—who turns in the most comical performance of his career—is worried about losing his window trimming job and his best girl, Alga San Juan. Venus, who is literally a dish for the gods, find that these are trifling obstacles for her.

Ava Gardner, apart from looking delectable, sings several numbers. Dick Haymes joins in effectively and Eve Arden scores as Conway's cynical secretary.

Don't miss *One Touch of Venus*. It's fresh, funny, and original.

Janice Slavin, '50

Man (to little boy fishing): "Is that bait good?"

Boy: "I don't think so, but the fish do."
x x x x

African Hunter: "While wandering near a native village, I spotted a leopard."

Young Thing: "Don't be silly: they grow that way."

ME AN' THE ELEPHANT

(Continued from page 6)

tle purple feather wuz wavin' an' wavin' on the side an' a broken elastic string wuz trailin' on the grass. All of a sudden, I wanted to leave the circus before the people came to stare an' the tents woke up—while the circus wuz still mine an' his. There wuz no place I could go, I didn't guess, but as I stooped down to pick up the little red hat, a long worm slid across the grass.

I decided to go fishin'.

It sure is funny how things come back to an old man. Reckon that excitement when the circus ELEPHUNT comes to town is just a part of every little shaver's growin' up—a part that he has to hide when he gets as old as I am, but he never, never forgets it or loses it.

WE ARE TWENTY-ONE

(Continued from page 3)

Bah! Who cares if he is a Communist! He can't win nothing nohow. The only thing he kin do is to promote the egg business. He's had nuff eggs on his noggin by now to make him a regular egg nog."

With that he guffawed his approval of his own wit and continued: "All us Southerners knowed what stand us real Southerners was gonna take over that Civil Rights question afore we took it."

What were we twenty-one-year-olds to do! November 2 was close at hand, and we weren't as cock sure as were these two old farmers. We didn't want the Democratic party to split. But we wanted States' Rights! And we wanted an able leader who could handle wisely both national and international affairs. Moreover, we wanted

An' now they've put up another sign across the street just like last year, an' the year before that, an' every year for seventy-five. The pictures are always a little different. The girls get purtier every time an' the lion seems to look a little less scary. But that ELEPHUNT never changes! He just blinks out of his blue eyes that some people will always think have a wicked look an' sort of winks from the poster like he wuz saying, "I know you got my hat in your bottom drawer, you ole sinner!"

There's Annie hollerin' at me from the back porch to come in an' wash up for dinner. She wouldn't like it if she knew I wuz goin' to take a walk down by Caller's old field. You see, Annie don't have no use atall for circuses or ELEPHUNTS or red hats.

justice to all races and classes; we wanted good business, but we didn't want inflation. How could we get them all? There seemed to be no powerful leader for any one of the four parties. The whole thing was too much for us. Some of us became irritable; some apathetic.

But, Pshaw! We wonder now why we twenty-one-year-olds at S. T. C. allowed ourselves to get so "het" up. We couldn't even vote; that is, not many of us could. We hadn't even paid our poll taxes! But, truly we were as much interested and as much bewildered as those who really had.

And so now, we twenty-one-year-olds at S. T. C., whether we voted or not, say:

"Good luck to you, Mr. President! You and your platform have certainly caused us great concern!"

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

(Continued from page 9)

dion, as were the several other "numbers". The "numbers" were interrupted by the frequent wails of the bereaved. The pallbearers bore the beautiful sky-blue coffin containing the deceased to the grave. A twenty-one gun salute was given, and the flag was at half mast. The preacher gave the "ashes to ashes" rites. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, the mourners

wailed in uncontrollable grief.

Many people remained to see the flowers and tombstone placed on the grave. The pall consisted of beautiful yellow and orange marigolds. "Here lies Nebuchadnezzar, gone but not forgotten", was the inscription that was placed on the tombstone.

We, the students, of S. T. C. offer our sincere sympathy to the bereaved of third floor, Junior Building.

THE COLONNADE

RATS OF '52

(Continued from page 9)

the terrifying Miss Haze had finally propped herself up in bed. She turned out to be just a sleepy blonde with a frog in her throat. (Who wouldn't have a frog in her throat at five o'clock in the morning!) I had expected her to make me jump head first, clothes-and-all under a cold shower, or do one hundred push-ups. But she did nothing more alarming than to send me off two minutes later to sing to Nellie . . . I mean "Miss Hart."

Singing to her was rather tame, too. To tell the truth, I scared her almost to death. She was so shocked at seeing a tall, skinny, green-and-white nightmare standing before her at that hour in the morning, and croaking "That's My Desire" that she didn't recover in time to torture me. Or else she was too sleepy to think up any inquisitional stunts.

As the day wore on, the sophomores got more spirited. But even with both eyes open, they were never really ferocious. For one of them, I composed a letter to Gus; for another, I composed one to Kamal, and for still another, I started a crazy epistle made of newspaper words pasted with coral nail polish on a sheet of typing paper. This I addressed to Miss Anderson's friend. But I'm sure the receivers were much more pained than the writer, for I had rather enjoyed it all. To me there was nothing especially exciting about doing those things.

But at mealtime . . . Oh, Boy! It was

really like being a prima donna on "Request-fully Yours," or something. Every other minute I had to get up from my "square meal" and stand in the aisle right before all those people and sing for Miss Taylor, or perform on the balcony for the benefit of Table No. 56.

I recovered from that, but those "air-raids" really got me way down! And I do mean *way* down! When two hundred Rats all flatten at the same time, it was like sardines in a can; so I don't hold it against the girl next to me for throwing her suitcase on me. I'm positive though that my right leg will never be the same again. However, I have no X-ray pictures to prove it! Those little periods of being flat on the floor helped a little, for every minute of rest counts when a girl has to get up at three-thirty A. M. to paint her ears green.

But, golly, in spite of the fact that I had risen at three-thirty that morning and in spite of the fact that I had big black-and-blue bruises on both knees, I had fun. And now I know Miss Agnew and Miss Critzer and so many others, who might have just stayed names as far as I was concerned. Believe it or not, I can even call them by their names now. And so you see, Rat Day for me wasn't just a Big Bad Day when the sophomores were supreme. Really, it was the day when I felt that I had really and truly been taken in as a part of S. T. C. and its traditions.

Maria Jackson, Class of '52

PSALM CIV

(Continued from page 18)

rabbit, and I'se gonna make you a charm out'n his left hind foot. You jes' carry dat rabbit foot wid you and you'll have luck wid all dem beau-lovers of yourn.

"En, Miss Nancy, Miss Betty tells me you're gonna cross de water to Europe. Is dat so?"

Nancy nodded her head and Psalm CIV's eyes became larger and larger.

"Well, ef'n you'll drink a little champagne—dat's a kind of wine dey use at weddings—you wan' 'sperience no seasick-

ness. Dat's true, Miss Nancy! I even tries a little corn likker when I gets a slight stomach-sickness here at home.

"En, Miss Nancy, if you ever gets to hiccoughing real bad, jes press your finger on your upper lip. It'll sho stop dem hiccoughs ebry time.

"I don't rightly know anything about science, but skunk smell is sho' mighty good to keep ofin colds and de flu. It sho is, Miss Nancy."

And still Miss Nancy had not gotten

PSALM CIV

a chance to even inquire about his health.

"En, Miss Nancy—Hey, whar is yo',—Miss Nancy."

To his amazement when he looked up, he saw Miss Nancy had started up the path toward "The House". He had been too engrossed with his own talk to hear her when she had said, "Good-bye, Psalm CIV. Be sure to keep your horseshoe over your door."

Jones (to desk clerk): "Give me some stationery, please."

Desk Clerk: "Are you a guest?"

Jones: "Heck, no! I'm paying ten dollars a day."

x x x x

"Put all that stuff back at once," the irate householder ordered.

"Be fair, sir," pleaded the burglar. "Not all of it. Half belongs to the people next door."

x x x x

My love has flew
Him did I dirt
Me didn't know
Him were a flirt.
To those in love
Let I forbid
That they be dood
Like I've been did.
Darn he! I hate him.
I wish him were died.
Him told I him loved I,
But darn he, him lied.

x x x x

Love is silly; Love is sad.
Love is futile; Love is mad.
Love's a sorrow; Love's a curse.
But not to be in Love is worse.

x x x x

It took an hour to put out a fire in the actress' dressing room and four hours to put the firemen out!

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QUESTIONS

- A** A field of red where tragedy lies,
A cheerful thing when it's something of Ty's.
- B** The shamrock and the blarney stone
Have helped to make its power known.
- C** Ten to the sixth say they satisfy.
Ten to the zero will echo their cry.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



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5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
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IN: NEXT ISSUE

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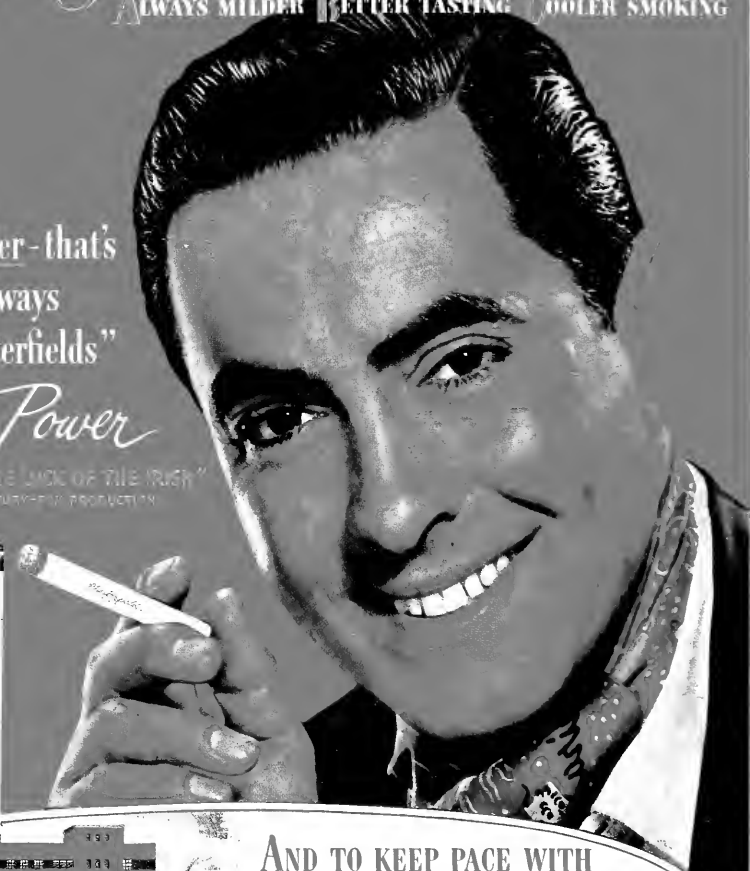
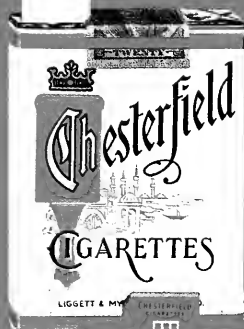
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ALWAYS Milder BETTER TASTING COOLER SMOKING

"They're Milder - that's
why I always
smoke Chesterfields"

Tyrone Power

STARRING "THE LUCK OF THE IRISH"
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION



AND TO KEEP PACE WITH
THE EVER-INCREASING DEMAND

Chesterfield is building another factory

- it's large - it's modern and in the very heart
of Tobaccoland where the Chesterfield Factory
group and tobacco-ageing warehouses
are already "A city within a city"

SO MILD they Satisfy Millions SO MILD they'll Satisfy You